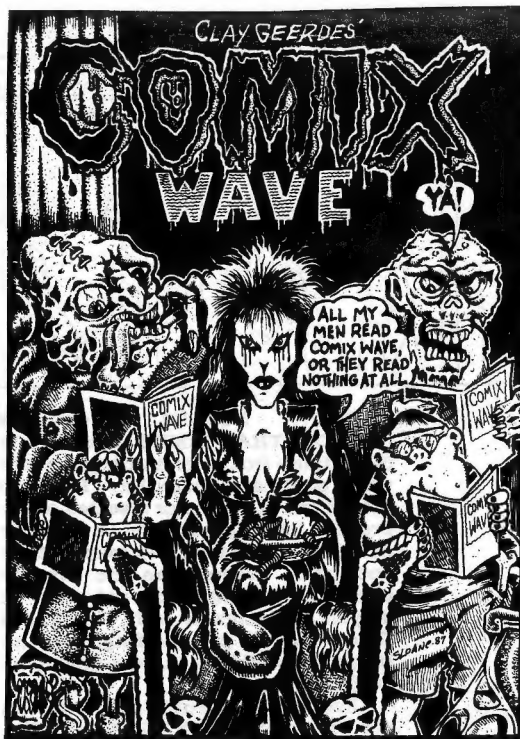




COMIX PLUGOLA

I see S. Clay Wilson has done a cover for a recent album by THE ACCUSED called *MORE FUN THAN AN OPEN CASKET FUNERAL*. You learn a lot walking around looking in record stores. I still prowled around the Telegraph area in Berkeley. I used to know a lot of people, but most of them are gone now. The guys in the comic store are all strangers to me. It was a different scene when folks like John Barrett and Di Schutz were there and I felt like one of the family. It's all moving toward chain stores now. I'm surprised that hasn't happened already. A comic shop on your local mall. See the movie, read the comic, buy the toys. Roger Rabbit and Eddie Valiant become *Sam and Max* and *Moonlighting* metamorphoses into *The Maze Agency*. A Ninja Turtle in every pot.

I stopped by Cody's bookstore. Ken Lupoff has been responsible for getting a lot of comic art stuff shelved there. The store was firebombed a few nights ago, because someone ran a story about Cody's selling THE SATANIC VERSES. Ironical to me, since the store also sells THE KORAN and other religious books. It was total paranoia along the street and Cody's had a rent-a-cop shaking down people with backpacks before they could pass the metal detectors. Just like the airport. Or maybe your local high school. Don't laugh. They've had metal detectors in some of our local high schools for several years now, every since the crack competition escalated.

I didn't go into Cody's. Went down to Moe's instead. He was telling his employees that anyone who was concerned about working during this period should just tell him and he would take care of it. I think that's ethical. Just being in a bookstore after what happened at Cody's and Waldenbooks makes a clerk think about mortality.

That TIME has merged with WARNER BROTHERS brings us one step closer to total megalopolis.

On the street, it was drizzling. Not a real rain at all. A clean-cut young man was preaching Jesus to passing pizza-eaters through a small sidewalk amp. A street person stopped to yell SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! but most people just chewed along. Lots of homeless people doing the doorway shuffle to keep ahead of the blues. Our cops used to wear khakis, but now they dress in blue. A black woman yells at the clerk in Mrs. Field's cookie joint. She wanted to see someone higher up. If he didn't like black people, blah! blah! The oppressed take out their frustration on those who are as oppressed as they are.

I still get the Comic Buyer's Guide in the mail. All that bickering about the Batman movie. Harlan Ellison and Kim Thompson calling each other names through third parties in the letters column. I don't know why Don Thompson publishes all that crap, but I guess CBG needs something to fill up the space between the corporate hype.

I noticed Ron Turner [Last Gasp] had published Diane DiPrima's MEMOIRS OF A BEATNIK, so I mooched a review copy. An interview took place between myself and DiPrima back in the early seventies. It was never printed. I don't remember exactly why, but a lot of the stuff I wrote for the Los Angeles FREE PRESS and other underground papers wound up in the files for one reason or another, usually space limitations. If they sold a few extra sex ads in those days, a stringer lost his space for the week. In DiPrima's book, I learned zero about Beat culture, but every tiny little detail about the poet's sex life. Ah, well, yesterday's stroke books are today's memoirs. If you are curious about sex from one feminine viewpoint, I suspect you'll enjoy this book much more than the work of Shere Hite, though you will probably raise an eyebrow here and there. All of her experiences seem to result in orgasms of Krantzian proportions. Whether this is reality or tongue-in-cheek fantasy, I'll leave you to decide for yourself. If you can't find the book in your town, write to Last Gasp and Ron Turner will send you his catalog. 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

WEIRDO 24 is in the stores with a nothing Crumb cover. Insides are much better with the highlight being a



jam started by Gary Arlington back in 1972 published as the centerfold. The jams were big events at our early underground cons in Berkeley, probably the only place over and ug cartoonists drew side by side.

MOTORBOOTY 3, a nice mag devoted to music, art, nostalgia, and erotica, has an article and art by Robert Williams. \$2.75 from POB 7944, Ann Arbor, MI 48107. And in SNARF II, you'll find Rand Holmes' hilarious story LATEX LOVE along with Dennis Worden's rap on Fundamentalism and Crabman's graphic dissertation on California as seen through the eyes of you folks who don't live out here. Crabb, who did the JACKALOPE, is also working on ROCKERS for Rip Off Press.



ASTRAL 1, 2, and 3, all for \$1 pp from Steve Shotwell, 38 Park Timbers, New Orleans, LA 70131.

Yes, I am still publishing a mini comic now and then and you are welcome to contribute if you like. BABYFAT 64 is the latest one out. 50¢/stamp. If you haven't seen any minicomix, a sampler is available for \$3.50 pp. This includes 12 of the early CW minis. If you want to contribute, just send me a same-size xerox (3x4"). If I use it, I'll send you a few freebies. CW Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707.



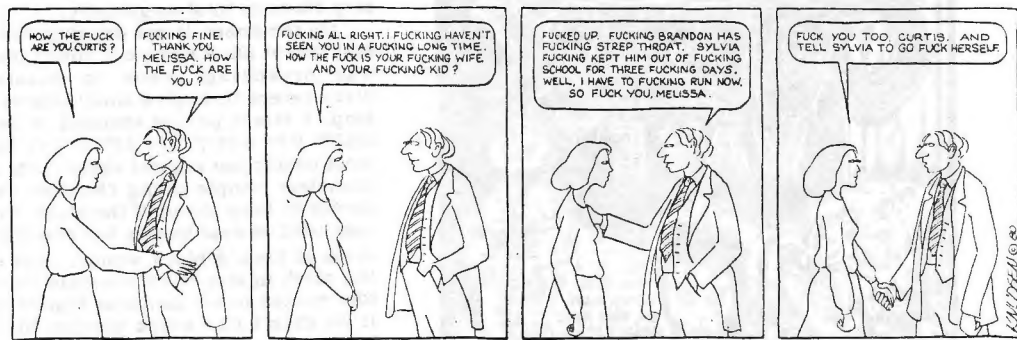
COMIX WAVE 77. ©Clay Geerdes. July, 1989. World Rights Reserved. Membership in CW is \$7.50 a year. 12 issues of the newsletter are included.

Re Fantagraphics THE NEW COMICS. Lots of errors here. Superman started in June of 1938, not 1937. The comic store movement began to gain momentum in the late sixties, not the late seventies. Ask John Barrett who had a store called COMICS WORLD in San Jose in 1968 and who opened THE BERKELEY COMIC ART SHOP with Bud Plant, Bob Beerbohm and John Campbell in 1972. Harvey Pekar is not a cartoonist. He's a writer who hires his work illustrated. COLLIERS and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST were middlebrow masscult mags. I never considered them "highbrow" and don't know anyone who did. Criticism of violence in the comic books was in progress as early as 1947 when Fredric Wertham was making the rounds of the PTAs with his canned lecture on juvenile delinquency and the whole thing was over by the mid-fifties, the major-ECs gone, etc. Comic fans probably never gave it a thought, since they only started to think of themselves as a group when they got together in the huckster rooms of Science Fiction conventions circa 1960-61. The term Graphic Novel was coined by Jack Katz and used in relation to his FIRST KINGDOM. It was not being used by Marvel or any other company in 1975 when Jack began his work. Now, of course, it has been swiped as a label along with a lot of the ideas and material in Katz' books. What 13 issues of ZAP? We're still waiting to see #12. It's Zodiac Mindwarp, guys, and It's Don, not Ron Baumgart.

I consider THE COMICS JOURNAL a fanzine and CBG an adzine. The interviews in THE NEW COMICS are worth reading for the insight they give into the attitudes and values of the artists, but I fail to understand the validity of the opinionated diatribe that introduces a book, which is going to be bought by people who are into comics already, not by those hypothetical outsiders Groth thinks he's addressing. They wouldn't know anything about the subject and would not understand the issues to which he is reacting.

I would agree with the Thompson/Groth critique of Ellison in TCJ, but suggest that they apply the same standards to their own publications. I recall one time in the past when I corrected some misinformation on ug comix that appeared in TCJ and instead of printing my corrections I was called

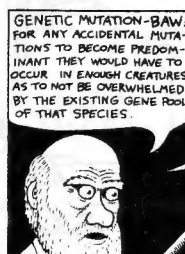
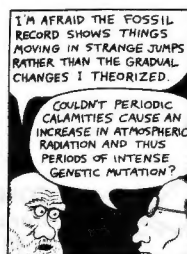
OLD FRIENDS



names by the editor. I've had the same experience with other writers and realize it's more ego than scholarship. I would like to see the sources cited in comic criticism and I am following that practice in CW. Those who are serious about getting the correct information into print and into the libraries for future scholars have to get beyond their ego and accept that they will be lied to more often than told the truth and that they will have to go for the correct information by referring to the primary and secondary documents. If, for instance, there were footnotes and a bibliography in the Encyclopedae of comics, one could trust them, but there are not and one cannot.

Personally, I welcome correction. If I print an error, I like to know about it so I can correct my files. Invective has its place, I guess, in stand-up comedy where it fulfills a satiric function, but I think it is out of place in comics criticism. When the people who are respected and looked up to in the profession take to insulting one another before large audiences at comic conventions, they lose my respect, and I suspect they lose that of many of their other readers as well.

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David Nadel's latest is NEANDERTHAL TIMES 1 and it is 50¢/stamp from me. A critique of our weird political climate. Dave Lippman coined one of the major diseases of our era as Pentagonorrhea, a malady caught by screwing too many other countries. Dave is on the comedy circuit and I caught his act when he played Ashkenaz in early March. His George Shrub put the finger on the illusive invisible man who now lives in the White House.

From Diane Drutowski, you can get your copy of MICHIGAN 49 MIN. CLEANERS #1, a fat mini with lots of funny bits. \$1.50 pp. 2412 Galpin, Royal Oak, MI 48073.* D and J Tompkins' HEALTH is a well-drawn newave in 6x8 format with lots of pages. \$2.50 pp from 214 Cole St., San Francisco, CA 94117. That's out in Haight-Ashbury country, folks.

Guy Colwell's DOLL is a three issue series from Rip-Off Press.

THE PUMA BLUES has been collected in book form by Mirage Press.

El Vibora 106 is \$7 pp from J. M. Berenguer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. #107 is the big Christmas Special and is \$10. Check out one of this amazing mags. Lots of exotic art and erotica.

ZABAWNY 10 ends that series by Carole Sobocinski, POB 3433, Merchandise Mart Sta. Chicago, IL 60654. \$2 pp. DZ.

FANTOONS 28 is \$1.50 from Edd Vick, 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105.

JAZZ IN PARIS and RUFFLED FEATHERS. Both for \$1 and a stamp from Mick Cusimano, POB 2565, Cambridge, MA 02238.

